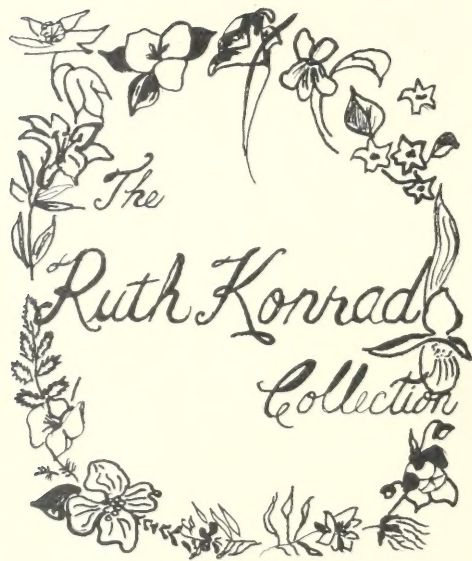






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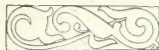
**Meadowvale
on-the-Credit**

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AUGUST 30TH
1922

Meadowvale Women's Institute Executive

□ 1922 □



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4th Vice-President



Meadowvale-on-the-Credit

THIS sketch of Meadowvale's early history has been mainly gleaned from two papers, one read at a historical meeting given in the Methodist Church here in 1900, the other of more recent date by the late D. W. McGregor, who as "Rob Roy" wrote for the "Weekly Sun," Toronto. Meadowvale is situated on the Credit River in a valley of meadows—hence the name Meadowvale. It is equi-distant from Brampton and Streetsville. The Credit River received its name from the fact that the Indians came to points on its banks to trade on credit for supplies for their winter use, which were to be paid for in the spring in pelts of fur-bearing animals.

In 1836 Meadowvale was a nameless and almost trackless forest, without a house except the primitive ones built of logs by the settlers who owned the land, only one of which is now standing, that owned by Mr. Wm. McCracken. Mr. John Simpson owned the two hundred acres lying between the Methodist Church and the C.P.R. Station, and Mr. Crawford two hundred acres on the opposite side of the road. This road, part of which is now the main street of Meadowvale, was but a narrow track through the woods. It had no fence on either side, and as much of it was through a bog, logs were thrown across it to keep vehicles from sinking in the mire. Mr. Simpson's land had on it a splendid pine forest, many trees of which were sold for ship's masts. Mr. Simpson built a dam and ran a small carding mill. The power from the dam was chiefly used to run a saw mill built at the same time. Mr. Silverthorn bought Mr. Crawford's farm, built a dam and erected a saw mill. These mills did a rushing business, being run day and night, and even with the old mule saws could cut about ten thousand feet a day each. Lumber for many of the plank roads was cut in Silverthorn's mill and delivered on the road (clear pine eighteen feet long and three inches thick) for \$4.50 per thousand feet. In 1840 Mr. Silverthorn built a grist mill and was soon doing a good business. Teams came from as far back as Orangeville and Erin with wheat for the mill. In 1848, when stocked up with ten thousand bushels of wheat, the mill and wheat were completely destroyed by fire. As there was no insurance, this was a severe loss to Mr. Silverthorn, but with praiseworthy pluck he re-built the mill, the building that is still in use, and started in business again. Fortune seemed to favor the brave, for

just before the Crimean war he had bought and had in stock over twelve thousand bushels of wheat at \$1.00 a bushel. The war inflated the price of wheat to \$2.25 a bushel, and Mr. Silverthorn found himself on easy street again.

Everything was booming at that time. Laborers were getting \$3.00 a day, and everything else was in proportion. The mill was run day and night, about two hundred barrels a day being turned out. These were the days before the Marconi wireless or the Atlantic cable, and news came slowly from the seat of war. A sailing vessel took from four to nine weeks to cross the Atlantic, and a week after peace was secured Mr. Silverthorn was buying wheat at \$2.25 a bushel, and had many thousands of bushels on hand. All available space was filled with flour at \$11.00 per barrel. The end of the war burst the bubble and wheat and flour dropped to half the ruling price during the war.

The Bank of Upper Canada was the great financial institution of the country at that time, of which the firm of Gooderham & Worts, of Toronto, were among the heaviest shareholders. As this was the bank that was backing Mr. Silverthorn, this firm, Gooderham & Worts, took over the mill and operated it for several years. Then for years Meadowvale saw its greatest prosperity. The mill was rushed to its utmost capacity, turning out three hundred barrels in the twenty-four hours every day. A large store was run in connection, in which were employed five clerks, four tailors, five tailoresses, three dressmakers and three milliners. Gooderham & Worts also built an immense barrel and cooper factory, and in addition to making all their own barrels supplied many thousands to other mills, as well as apple barrels to the farmers and fruit buyers. This furnished the farmers with a splendid market for their elm, oak and basswood timber, and on a winter's day the road was a constant jingle of sleigh bells.

In 1848 James Johnson built a wagon shop about where the residence of J. D. Orr now stands. Since Mr. Orr's death this property has been sold to W. E. Gooderham.

In 1852 Hugh Johnson and his brother built a foundry, the first of its kind in Ontario. They manufactured mowers and reapers, the kind that a man rode on behind to pull off the sheaves. They also made horse-powers and separators.

In 1848 Mr. Robinson built the first store in the village. It was built of slabs and made a good business stand. James Ward built the next store, which was afterwards owned and run by Matthew Laidlow. This store was burned a

few years ago. Mr. Lambe's house now stands where the store formerly did. The store built by Mr. Silverthorn in 1860 was bought by Gooderham & Worts in 1860. They sold it to Switzer & Partridge in 1882 and they in their turn to Mr. Whitlam. While in his possession it was burned to the ground and has not been re-built, the business having gone to the opposite side of Main Street, where A. S. Lambe & Son run the store and post-office, the only store in the village at the present time.

For a number of years Wm. Elliott, M.P., kept a grocery and liquor store. Joseph Sutchffe was the manager of that hive of industry the Gooderham & Worts' store—for many years, till he left to go into business for himself in Brampton.

Mr. Ball, a blacksmith, built for a hotel the large frame building now occupied by Mr. Campbell. In 1852 Matthew Landlow built the large brick hotel at present the dwelling house of W. Lambe, the coming of prohibition having rendered it valueless as a public house. This war-time measure placed the village in the same position as it was in 1840-50 in regard to hotel accommodation. There were no hotels here then nor for many years afterwards, but intemperance grew like a young giant in those days, for the majority of the people contributed to its support by laying stores of liquor in their homes, to be partaken of at will by the members of the household, and dispensed to friends and neighbors when they called. Whiskey sold for fifteen cents a gallon at that time, and was one of the chief accompaniments of every gathering of the people, from a camp-meeting to a logging bee. We have a record of a farmer of that time who proposed to raise his barn without treating those who came to any intoxicants, and although his neighbors accepted his invitation, on the day of the raising there was not one who came to help him. The barn had to be raised by means of tackle and oxen—the only friends he had who would raise a barn on cold water. But 'tis said the darkest hour is just before the dawn, and so it was in this case. Intemperance had grown to be such an intolerable burden in the land that many of the thoughtful men and women of the day, alarmed at the condition of affairs, resolved to make a determined resistance to the further increase of the evil.

On Christmas day, 1849, there was a grand old fashioned tea-meeting in the largest building available at the time, which was a loft about fifty feet long and thirty feet wide over a pig pen owned by Mr. Silverthorn, and situated at the back of the old brick oatmeal mill. It was decorated with evergreens and furnished with tables and seats and a platform

for the speakers. The speakers had been invited from Toronto. One of them was Mr. Dick, an earnest temperance advocate. This was a long-to-be-remembered evening in the history of Meadowvale, more from the events that followed it than from any special occurrence of the evening.

On the day after Christmas, 1849, a division of the Sons of Temperance was organized by Mr. Dick, the principal speaker of the evening before. The Division grew in numbers until in 1854 it numbered one hundred and fifty members. Churchville, Derry West, Streetsville and Brampton each had Sons of Temperance Divisions strong in numbers. And those who remember the time say that no such wave of temperance enthusiasm ever swept over the country before or since. Since then temperance measures have advanced step by step till Prohibition has been reached at last. There are those who will tell us that prohibition does not prohibit, but there is considerable satisfaction in the thought that whiskey has been taken out of the fifteen cents per gallon level and placed in the \$20.00 to \$30.00 per gallon prohibitive level that it now occupies by those whose lives have been one continual strife to place it there. Meadowvale's two hotels being used as private dwellings shows how completely the village has succumbed to the new conditions.

In religious matters the Methodist church has always held undisputed sway. Anglicans, Baptists, Presbyterians or Catholics never seemed to predominate sufficiently to be tempted to build a church. The McClures, McCrackens, Steens and other Presbyterians hied their way down to Streetsville to church. The Anglicans went to Churchville to service there or fell in with the Methodists. The fact of the different denominations straying away from the village each to his peculiar persuasion may be the answer to the query—Why has Meadowvale never had a cemetery? Meadowvale dead have been buried in the cemeteries of Streetsville or Eden, Churchville or Brampton, Derry West or Britannia, or in a Catholic cemetery on the fifth line east, for nearly one hundred years, but never at Meadowvale.

The first record we have of Methodist meetings in this vicinity is that furnished by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kerney, and Mrs. Aaron Laidlow, who tell of a camp-meeting held in Mr. Simpson's bush, the entrance to which was from the third line west, about half-way between the crossroad near the C.P.R. Station and a lane known as "Mr. Simpson's poplar lane," but neither of which formed a geographical feature of the country at that time. This meeting occurred about eighty years ago, and was attended by large numbers who came from great distances, and from every possible motive from greed to piety.

There were young men and maidens who came to this camp-meeting without a thought more serious than to have a good time and enjoy the bright days as they passed. Some returned to their homes untouched by any religious feeling, while others were imbued with sacred thoughts whose influence stayed with them all the rest of their lives. There were those who came on business bent, and who lined both sides of the path from the road to the camp with booths, tents or stands, from which they dispensed intoxicants—chiefly whiskey—to the crowd as they passed along to the river, on the banks of which the camp was situated. These expected to receive a profit on their wares—nothing more—but added to their receipts, unconsciously perhaps but none the less surely, the woe of him who “putteth the bottle to his neighbor’s lips.”

In the year 1848 a controversy arose between the people of the upper and lower parts of school section No. 15 in regard to the location of a proposed school-house. In 1851 it was finally decided, by force of numbers probably, to have it built on the site on the hill where it still remains, although so entirely eclipsed by the modern improvements and decorations which it has undergone at the hands of Mr. Newman, its present owner, that it would no longer be recognized by the many artists who have painted it, few of whom left the village without a sketch of “the old school-house on the hill.”

This school-house was one of the old landmarks of Methodism in Meadowvale, for while it was the seat of learning where the school-master taught “the young idea to shoot,” it was also the meeting place of two religious denominations, the Wesleyan and the Primitive Methodists, who met here each alternate week to expound the Gospel. Neither of these religious bodies was remarkable for its quiet demeanor, for men and women prayed and shouted “Amen” and “Hallelujah” with such vehemence that a listener who heard but the noise of heavy bass and shrill treble voices, the stamping of feet on a bare floor, the clapping of hands and the pounding of desks, without being under the spell of religious excitement himself, might be excused if he deemed those worshippers demented. In comparing the turbulence that marked the religious services of long ago with the prevailing quiet of to-day one is led to ask which is the better way—the violence that carried people by storm, or the quieter way that like “Still waters run deep.”



“Take all religions of all time—
The old wood and the new wood,
They are all contained in this one chime,
To be good and to do good.”



But religious training was not the only one that was won by violence in those days. A teacher by the name of Samuel James McCulloch Woodwick True used the five school days of the week in such exercises of body as no teacher of to-day would dream of as being necessary to impart knowledge to his pupils. If he wished to stamp a dozen words on the minds of a class of pupils, he would jump from one end of the class to the other, gesticulating with hands and head and feet, while he and the class recited in unison such words as: about, above, according to, across, after, against, along, amid, amidst, etc., till no head that was not made of brass could ever forget them. Now, the scribbler gives teacher and pupil a quieter time. But one thing that belonged to him in his day and to other teachers that followed him, till the public school curriculum was curtailed, was the privilege of sending pupils to Brampton Grammar School (as it was called at that time) prepared to take a first, second or third class teacher's certificate. Now the country scholar who cannot afford the expense of board and extras of High School training has his education stopped at a point where it begins to be worth while. It is to be hoped that the present day agitation for higher education in the rural schools will be effective in restoring to them the dignity of former times.

The old schoolhouse was superseded as a church in 1863 by a new brick building erected by the Wesleyan Methodists, and as a schoolhouse in 1874 by the new frame schoolhouse in use to-day. The new church had much that was old-fashioned to link it to the past—the high pulpit with its floor some feet above the church floor, with steps up on each side; old-fashioned box stoves for heating; oil lamps that stood on posts fastened to the seats at intervals down the aisles. There was no church organ in those early days.

The Rev. Chas. Fish held revival services in 1866. Another revival was held in 1822 by Rev. Henry Manning, and one in 1889 by Rev. Mr. Hicks. During this time, the tuning fork that Mrs. Baskerville used in teaching the Sunday School scholars to sing for the tea-meetings of that time, had given place to a church organ, a church choir had been formed and a choir leader chosen. Mr. C. W. Switzer led the choir for years before he left Meadowvale. Miss Jennie Gooderham succeeded him in that office. Miss Jessie Gooderham has held the position of organist for a number of years. Meadowvale church was upholstered and re-opened in 1890, and in 1898 a revival was conducted by Rev. Mr. Chapman, assisted by Rev. Mr. Shore and Mr. Noel Phelp. On March 9th, 1900, the historical evening mentioned on opening page (from which much of the data of this sketch was gathered) was staged by Rev. W. G. Watson, then junior pastor of the church, assisted by the congregation.

The Sunday School has always been a strong factor in Meadowvale church. Mr. Andrew Davidson was its first Superintendent; at his death Mr. W. T. Davidson, his son, filled the office till his health obliged him to give it up, when Mr. W. L. Davidson held it for a few years. Mr. Haddon Pegg holds the position at the present time. He and Mrs. Pegg, Miss Jessie Pearson and Miss Ida Davidson comprise the staff of officers at the present time.



The Meadowvale Band

MEADOWVALE once boasted a large and far-famed band, but through the changes of time it is now but a dream of the past. When this band was in full swing the Meadowvale Band Garden Party was a feature of the summer season. The management furnished the best professional talent that could be procured for their annual entertainments. The late C. W. Switzer probably did more than any other member to advance the interests of the band, and to his forethought and enthusiasm is due the fact that Meadowvale's band music, like Caruso's songs, lives on the phonograph records to-day. One of the players, A. R. Gooderham, deceased some years ago, played a short bass solo in his strong, full tones, that are faithfully recorded on the instrument, and one who hears this record on the phonograph, knowing the player, cannot fail to feel that the wish of Tennyson's lines has been realized:

"But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still"





1. J. H. Newman's Home on the Site of the Old Schoolhouse.

2. Built of Lumber from the "Old Cooper's Row" by Mr. Wm. Brigden in 1889. Now Owned and Occupied by Miss Trevorrow.

3. Built by Mr. C. H. Gooderham. Now owned by Major-General Lessard.

4. First Frame House in Meadowvale. Now occupied by Mrs. Henry Brown.

5. First House Built in Meadowvale. Owned by Mr. J. Austin.



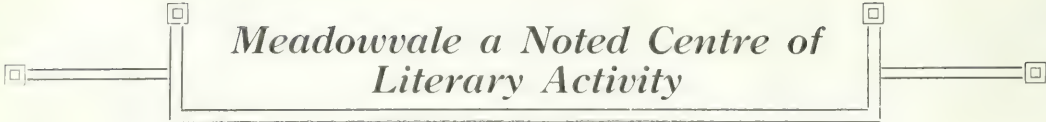
1. The Old Mill.

3. The Canadian Pacific Railway Station.

2. The Last Old Log House.

4. Meadowvale Public School.

5. The Methodist Church.



Meadowvale a Noted Centre of Literary Activity

MEADOWVALE, for a place of its size, has been noted for its literary and debating societies, and has been favored with many people in residence for a longer or shorter time who enjoyed and contributed to the success of these literary efforts. Sometimes it was the school teacher, sometimes the junior pastor, or both, and the resident artists, who combined with Prof. F. J. Brown and W. L. Davidson (the moving spirits of these societies) and a goodly number of the villagers and people of the surrounding districts to make the winter evenings a delight and benefit to the neighborhood. In the days when Mr. Spiers, an artist, lived here, the literary society edited a paper called the "Mirror," and members and editor exerted all their talents to make it a bright and interesting sheet.

The name of the last literary society formed in Meadowvale was "The Fortnightly Club." It was a source of pleasure to those who attended the meetings for three successive winters. The following pages give a report of the closing meeting of the Club from the Brampton "Conservator" of June 6th, 1912, which will be read with considerable interest by those who were associated and familiar with the activities of the Club in those days.



Closing Night at Meadowvale

The Fortnightly Club Ends Fine Season

Philosophy, Prophecy, Music and Poetry

Local Talent Furnishes a Very Interesting and Profitable Evening

The Fortnightly Club was organized two years ago with Mr. J. J. Stewart as President. Notwithstanding his removal from the village Mr. Stewart was continued in office until the end of the present season. The new President is Mr. C. W. Brown and the Vice-President Mr. J. F. Jackson. The Club has, in addition to furnishing very interesting programmes at the open meetings, created an interest in musical and literary matters which has already had an uplifting tendency and is making for the betterment of the whole community.

The closing meeting of the Fortnightly Club was held on Friday evening last and was a most successful and enjoyable affair. The school-room was well filled.

Samuel Charters, M.P.P., occupied the chair. The programme was arranged after the manner of the clos-

ing exercises of some of the leading colleges, and brought out the splendid ability of the members of the Club. The opening selection, "The Ambassador," by the orchestra, was most pleasingly rendered. This musical aggregation, Mrs. Haines, the Misses Pearson and Davidson, and Messrs. Thurston, Davidson and Ross, has furnished delightful music throughout the year, and won the thanks of the members and of all those who attended the open meetings. Prof. F. J. Brown, who was the "Philosopher" of the evening, was in a serious strain and spoke of the duties and responsibilities of life, pointing out that the true man was sincere in his convictions, not carried about by every wind of doctrine, but ready to do his duty as he understood it and to accept the consequences. Prophecy was Miss Moore's theme. Briefly she told of the Club's work and prophesied what the result of their efforts would be. In the future she could see young men and women accomplished speakers, singers and artists, and the work of the organizers of the Club bearing fruit an hundred fold. She told of the early struggles of Disraeli, of his failure as a speaker during his early days in Parliament and of his afterwards carrying out his promise that all England should one day hear him; and of Caruso's development in the face of failure and disappointment and of overcoming obstacles that blocked his pathway to success. So well pleased were the audience with

Miss Moore's address that the remark was made that with the probable exception of her brother, Dr. C. Y. Moore, it was doubtful if any other person in the country could have brought to the attention of the audience so much that was interesting and valuable in the same time. Miss Kearney told the history of the organization in a manner which amused and pleased her audience. Miss Trevorrow made a very great hit with her original poem, which by special request is published below. Mr. Haines, the cartoonist, in addition to his numerous drawings, recited a western story in capital style. The six cartoons represented at one end John D. Orr, License Inspector, Mr. N. A. Steen, Mr. Thurston, Mr. Davidson, C. W. and Prof. Brown and N. W. Rowell, K. C., the

latter leaning over a set of bars, which brought out the remark that with the License Inspector at one end and the Leader of the Opposition at the other, the platform must have the support of all classes. "The Last Will and Testament," read by Mr. Davidson, bequeathed the property of the Club to its most promising offspring. The musical numbers were furnished by Mr. Thurston, Mr. Ross and the Misses Pearson. At the conclusion of the programme short addresses were delivered by Messrs. C. W. Brown and F. J. Jackson, urging the members and all present to become associated with the Club when the meetings are resumed in September next. The following is the poem by Miss Trevorrow referred to above:

In the future when we're sitting
And our thoughts are backward flitting,
To those days, when then we'll call the
 "Days of yore,"
When we're turning mem'ry's pages,
Reading names of local sages,
Who have won the season's wages
 Of our corps.

Will we ask, (the thought's a scandal)
If the game was worth the candle,
If the pleasure of our labor's
 All we gain,
If the efforts of Professor,
President and his successor,
Or our student assistants' co-
 Were in vain.

Will the secretary, glancing
At the closing year's financing,
When comparing all his total
 Be content?
Will the orchestra, reviewing
All the work that they are doing,
Deem the practice and reviewing,
 Time well spent.

Will there be an audience member,
Who will then in joy, remember,
Solo sung, or speech addressed, who
 Understood:
When his thoughts were backward turning
To this citadel of learning,
That the fragments we've learning
 Have well spent.

We'll make answer to the query,
Glad that we can make it cheery,
With an optimistic showing
 For our Club:
Though 'twas oftimes work of heroes
When the glass was in the zeroes,
And we felt like foes of Nero's
 With the rub.

Many times an anxious rear-guard
Took the place of absent fore-guard,
Filling in the programme gaps as
 Best he could.
One, to save a disappointment,
(Colleague having failed appointment)
Played a lone hand 'gainst environment,
 And made good

What cared he for jelly-fishes,
So he met the Fortnight's wishes,
Turning tables on opponents
While he won.
When he traced his line to Adam,
Was the time our "lone hand" had 'em.
With a taunt his foes to madden,
And our fun

Think of our essay convenor,
Making efforts of a winner,
Who has yet to bring one essay
Into play;
But by personal insistence,
'Long the line of least resistance,
He has helped the Club's existence
All the way.

With what ease was Club debater
Lured from home, or the equator,
Brought by Fortnightly's convenor
Into file;
Why had he so many years
Was it his pet, his mistress,
Was it she that he possessed
Or his wife

Thought our President has left us,
Of his presence has bereft us,
Still he is the tale our shoulder
Is to brace
One who gave a recital
Reading essays or oration
If she thinks the situation
She can save.

And the one who said
Of the poet's best collection
That it was a disappointment
On our time
Verse it is the pathos does
And each speaker diagnoses,
A tongue, short he supposes
Of the diagnosis

One, 'twould seem, had pre-election
To this work of poem dissection,
Being sister, not of prophet
But of Med.
And of all the things we're doing,
That will bear the future's showing,
'Tis the study of the poem
As it's read.

We've a famous elocutor,
Who to each might be a tutor,
By his title of Professor
In his line
Not content with fine rendition,
Of best author's composition,
He would take a new position
For a time

To the chase his thoughts are turning,
Afric's beasts and jungles spurning,
For his heart will be his happy
Hunting ground.
Such wild beasts as pride and hatred
Shall be slain, without debating,
Nor shall kin to them relating
Here be found.

Jealousy he means to smother,
Meanness shall be run to cover,
As for a matter of new era
He would pose
Other might track shall follow
Hills though it be a hollow
But one clearing arch, follow
A to you



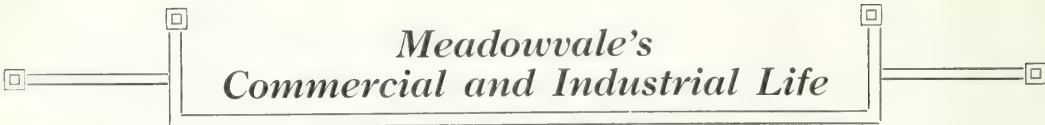
Then there is our Fortnight's poet
Not much brains (of course you know it)
But by strength of her combinations
Put in phrases,
She had power to prove our Fortnight
With its concentrated searchlight
Was the shining for the best
Of our times.

As our orchestra comprises
Tones and strings of many
That the leader's taste is blending
To her ear:
Tones of trombones, flute or 'cello,
Firsts, or seconds, making mellow
Music that the other follow
Joys to hear.

So our Club develops forces,
Brings out talents from all sources,
That had been forever buried
Out of sight,
Had there been no enterprising
Spirits in its body, sizing
Up the best, that true emprising
Brought to light

Trusting power of coalition,
We're advancing with precision
By the Club's own combination,
To the goal
And there'll be no doubts or guesses
Of our triumphs and success
That the future day possesses
On the whole

When we read our ancient history,
It will not be any mystery
Why the name was worth the candle
To us all
Now we're done for the summer,
Let each member and new member
Help to make this Club a happier
For next Fall



Meadowvale's Commercial and Industrial Life

THERE have been few to represent the law in Meadowvale. The late J. D. Orr was a constable, and woe betide the man whom the kind hearted officer caught flogging his boy to excess. The names of Justices of the Peace were S. Pearson, F. Jackson and H. A. Brown, but this belonged to the old regime.

Meadowvale saw its busiest and most prosperous days in the late 50's, 60's and 70's. Shortly after that time the C.V.R. had begun to show how vain was the hope that the railroad that had been expected to build up the place had failed, and that instead, everything that had been the source of its growth and sustenance was gradually slipping away to the large centres. Mr. C. H. Gooderham, who represented the firm of Gooderham & Worts, evidently depending upon the stability of business at the time, built a handsome and expensive house and grounds on a part of the Gooderham farm, which he only occupied for a few years when he found it to his advantage and that of his family to move to Toronto. This beautiful property has been sold and re-sold many times since, first to Captain Douglas, then to Mr. Thomas Graham, who married a daughter of Mr. John Simpson and whose farm of 200 acres he owned for a number of years, selling it some years ago to Mr. James Jackson, whose son, Frank Jackson, owns part of it still. Mrs. Graham sold the Gooderham house and property to Mr. John Watt, who resided there for several years, when he sold to Mr. Chavignaud, one of the artists who have bought homes here. Mr. Chavignaud sold to Mr. Geo. Curry who after living there for ten years sold to his brother, Walter Curry, M.P., and he to Major-General Lessard, who occupies it to-day.

At the time that Mr. Gooderham left for Toronto, the mill was sold to Wheeler Bros. of Stouffville, the store to Switzer & Partridge, and the stave and heading factory to W. H. Trevorrow. Of this once busy plant only the mill remains to-day. It is owned by W. J. Brett and used as a chopping mill, engaging the time of one man in summer and two in the winter months. A store has been built on the opposite side of the street from where the old store stood and is owned by

A. S. Lambe & Son, as also is the blacksmith shop. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lambe supply the force that runs the general store and post-office, D. Caldwell that of the blacksmith shop, and Mr. Wm. McKee and son hold the fort in what is left of the immense business of the saw-mill of long ago. Seven people are now holding down the job in its depleted condition of a plant that had few equals for enterprise in any country place, and required hundreds to cope with it.



1. The Old Hotel.
Now Owned and Occupied by Mr. Wm. T. Lambe.

2. The Old Gooderham & Worts Store.
Destroyed by Fire in February, 1907.

A line of business that had no place in the ancient history of the village and surrounding country is the traffic in milk and cream; every farmer in this vicinity sends all the milk or cream the farm produces to Toronto or neighboring dairies, to supply the need of these articles in the city or town or to be made into butter or ice cream. Every resident of

the village knows that each pound of butter or dish of ice cream that he eats has had an expensive railway trip from here to the place of manufacture and back, and must wonder, if he thinks of it at all, if he can afford such travelled viands. Milk and cream are not the only commodities on our bill of fare that are being treated to a round trip at the consumer's expense. In the 50's and 60's nearly every family in the village had a small pen in the back yard where a couple of porkers were kept, and when they were quite ripe and the right time of the moon arrived, there was a general pig-sticking time and celebration over the products of the pen. The pork was plain salted and the winter's supply laid in at a cost of less than \$2.00 per cwt. Now the villagers who own a pig pen can be counted on one thumb, and the farmers treat their hogs to an expensive auto ride to Toronto, where they are sold at twelve to fourteen cents a pound. There they are killed, hung up, cut down, salted, rolled in pea meal or cooked, and returned by C. P. R. express or radial, and sold at forty five to seventy cents per pound, according to whether the buyer wants raw or cooked meat.

Another industry that has sprung up within the last few years is the Rowancroft Gardens, started in 1914 by Miss M. E. Blacklock. This industry has already reached such proportions that seven people, men and women, are required for eight months of the year to cope with the regular work of the Gardens, and many more during the height of the season. Miss Blacklock has been very successful in competitions at the Horticultural Shows, taking first prizes at the Toronto Horticultural Show for irises, and first prizes at the International Show in London, Ontario, for peonies.

Meadowvale of late years has been noted chiefly for its beauty of scenery and has attracted artists from all over Canada, among whom were Messrs. Owen Staples, Carl Morris, Rowley, Chavignaud, Spiers, Thurston and Humes. The two last bought homes here and took part in the civic affairs of the village. While they were trustees of the public school an acre of land was added to the school grounds, a highly appreciated fact to day, as are the artistic decorations by Mr. Humes on the wall of the school room. A part of the Ontario School of Art spent last summer in the village, Mr. Beatty being their teacher. This year the students and their teachers come and go, 15 or 20 being here at a time. They are being catered to at "Appletree Inn," a house recently opened by Miss Yates for the accommodation of tourists whom the automobile brings to the place. "Appletree Inn" was once the home of Mr. Luther Cheyne, Meadowvale's first postmaster. It was also the home of Mr. John Farnell for many years, and was sold to Miss Yates by Mrs. Farnell a short time before her death. Before Mr. Cheyne was appointed postmaster postal accommodation meant walking or driving a couple of miles to mail or receive a letter, there being no post-office nearer than Berry West, and no rural mail delivery as at the present time. The rural mail carrier of today for this vicinity and surrounding country is Mr. James Craig.

The man who wanted to wed in the early 40's must needs take his bride elect to Springfield, where lived the only preacher within a circuit of twenty miles or more, whose function it was to perform the marriage ceremony. This was the Rev. Mr. McGraw, an English church clergyman, who preached in the Anglican church at Springfield, and who was accustomed to take a tour of his large parish once in two years to administer baptismal rites to infants or adults where it was desired. Burial rites were not performed by a clergyman, but by a layman, Mr. London, a farmer who lived a few miles west of Meadowvale.

Although the commercial life of Meadowvale has been forced to succumb to the inevitable, owing to trade being diverted to Toronto or other large centres of commerce, many of the farms in this vicinity have been in the same families for 75 to 100 years, their owners doing a good business and making as much money as they ever did. Among these are the Browns, who own the 400 acres between Derry West and the second line; Lorne Davidson, who holds his father's farm and the one once owned by Mr. Wm. Elliott. Mr. Joseph Gardiner, a pioneer of Britannia near Meadowvale, is represented here by two grandsons, C. Gardiner and R. Charlton. Mr. George Gooderham, who owned the Gooderham & Worts farm for many years, sold it to Mr. Geo. South and with his family retired to Meadowvale a few years before his death. Mr. Samuel Pearson sold his farm to W. P. Fraser, Secretary of the Ontario Jockey Club, and retired to the village, where he bought the brick house built by Mr. Joseph Graham. He lived but a short time afterwards. The Charltons, Laidlows, Keney's, Steens, McClures and McCrackens are all representatives of the old families that have hewn their homes out of the primeval forest. Mr. S. S. Reeve, who owns part of the old Crawtord farm in Meadowvale, is a grandson of Mr. John Simpson.

Mr. Frank Jackson, who is no blood relation of the old pioneer, is in possession of part of his farm at the present time, having sold the greater part of it to Mr. Smith, a Toronto lawyer. The part he still owns is being cut into small parcels and sold as purchasers offer. By this means Meadowvale may have a growth of residences if not of business places. Mr. Jackson and his family reside in Brampton now, where he holds the position of Registrar for the County of Peel.

Mr. Albert Simpson Lambe was adopted by Mr. John Simpson when a child three years of age. He has been a true representative of the man who adopted him in his business energy, temperance principles and in public spiritedness. Everyone regrets the forced loss of his best energies in his own life and business and in the village, through blindness, which has befallen him in the last few years.

During the last two decades three women's societies have been formed in Meadowvale. The Women's Missionary Society, whose first president was Mrs. W. T. Davidson, the Ladies' Aid in 1913, first president, Miss Laura Trevorrow, and the Women's Institute, whose first president was Mrs. Frank Sibbald. The presidents in office now are Miss Jessie Gooderham of the W. M. Society, Mrs. Geo. South of the Ladies' Aid, and Miss E. H. Trevorrow of the W. I. The objects of each of these societies have always been well sustained. The same women are members of all the societies and work on the principle—*all together now*—for the object most needed. All through the Great War years the women spent their time and energies on comforts and necessities for the soldiers.

A banquet was given in honor of the soldiers shortly after they returned. Souvenirs of the Great War, with date and the name of each soldier, were presented to them by the citizens of Meadowvale. At a meeting in the public school a memorial tablet was placed on the wall in memory of Private Robert D. Andrews, 75th Batt., who fell near Valenciennes, France, the only one who sleeps in the fields of France of all the boys who went from Meadowvale, although many were wounded and gassed. Since the war ended the women have turned their attention to raising funds for local improvements, their effort now being to put down cement sidewalks in the village. It is for this purpose that to-day's demonstration has been made, Meadowvale Old Home Rally instituted and this sketch of Meadowvale old time and new time written.

M. B. TREVORROW.

Meadowvale has been represented in the War of 1866 and the Great War of 1914-18. Mr. Robert Golden, deceased some years ago, was a veteran of '66; so also is Rev. J. R. Black, who now resides in the village.

Meadowvale's 1914-18 Honor Roll

W. J. CLARENCE ROYSE
THOMAS W. REEVE
SAMUEL McALLISTER
JOSEPH PRESTON
R. JOHN TORRENS
JOHN STANDEN

EARNEST CRAIG
GEORGE H. GOODERHAM
JAMES KISSICK
WILLIAM JACKSON
JAMES BURTON
CHARLES IVES

FREDERICK A. JACKSON
HAROLD TORRENS
FRANKLIN TORRENS
I. VINCENT McKEE
J. WESLEY MATTHEWS
THOMAS KENNEY

A memorial tablet was placed in the Public School by the citizens of
Meadowvale, in memory of

PTE. ROBERT D. ANDREWS

75th Batt., who fell near Valenciennes, France.

For Home and Country—Nov. 6th, 1918—Aged 22 Years.



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